Ojamajo Propane: The Series

Episode 3: The Incredible Hank

"Bills, bills, bills, why do we keep getting Bill's mail?"

Hank Hill was seated at the kitchen table in the Hill household, counting his mail and separating other people's mail that was delivered mistakenly from his own mail. He was looking increasingly frustrated, but he tried to keep calm anyways. About two minutes later, Peggy, dressed in a pink, fluffy dressing gown and holding a coffee in her hand, came downstairs.

"Mornin' Hank. What's up?"

"We keep getting Bill's mail, Peggy. We've been getting this for four days now and I'm fed up of sorting this out. Plus, he lives four houses down from me, so I don't get how the mailman screws this up."

"Well, why don't you just take it down to Bill's?"

"I do this every morning, Peggy! I'm sick of walking back and forth! At this rate, I'm gonna decide that he needs to pick up his own mail!"

He went to make a coffee for himself and took several deep breaths. It was just the start of the day, maybe things were going to get better as the day progressed. He went round the backyard to plant his new wooden sign that he had ordered from the internet, but when he tried to hammer one of the nails in, he accidentally hit his thumb instead, in one of the now most cliched jokes ever done in the world of fiction. "YOOOOWWWWWWW!" he yelled. "God-dang it! I've watched enough TV to learn how to avoid that now!" Then, suddenly, he heard a knock on the door.

"Oh, it's you." sighed Hank. "What is it?"

"Morning, Hank!" chirped Doremi, who was holding Hana-chan in her arms. "Uh, listen, Hana-chan thought it was a good idea to chuck her pacifier into your yard, and we were wondering if we could just enter your backyard to retrieve it, please?"

"No." Hank grumbled. "Can't you read the dang sign?"

He pointed to the newly-planted wooden sign, which read, "NO MAGICAL GIRLS WITHIN A 30-MILE RADIUS OF THIS YARD. THANKS FOR YOUR UNDERSTANDING."

"*Pleeeaassse?"* Doremi pleaded, her eyes swelling up and watering as she tried her best to pull off puppy-dog eyes.

Hank sighed for a long time. "All-righty. Just don't go messin' with my propane, okay?"

"Okay!" Doremi beamed. "Thank you Mr. Hill!"

"That girl ain't right." Hank muttered, shaking his head.

As Doremi ran across Hank's back yard, searching for Hana-chan's lost pacifier in the grass, Hana-chan began to sniffle a bit. "What's wrong, Hana-chan?" Doremi asked, concerned for her welfare.

"Mam-a..." Hana-chan sobbed, snot dripping down her nose ever so slightly. Suddenly, she let out a sneeze, coincidentally, as she was placed next to a patch of grass. Doremi immediately rushed over to Hana-chan just as she sneezed again. "Hana-chan! What's wrong?!" she cried, inspecting her further. "Oh my God! Hana-chan's allergic to grass!" she yelled. "Hank! Hank!" she called. "You need to cut your grass further! Hana-chan's allergic to grass!"

"God-dang it, Doremi!" shouted Hank. "I just mowed my lawn! You expect me to cut it further?!"

"But Hank! Hana-chan's allergic to grass!" shouted Doremi. "You need to cut all of it!"

Hank, sensing the tension at large, immediately got out his lawnmower and started mowing his grass all day, trying to get rid of every last blade of grass to make sure Hana-chan didn't sneeze again. Eventually, the whole yard was just soil. No grass, just soil. But Hana-chan was still feeling a little sniffly, and she sneezed once more, this time, accidentally activating the magic crystals in her hair, therefore firing a magical blast at Hank that hit him square in the chest.

"What in the hell?" muttered Hank. Suddenly, he felt a tingling sensation all over his body. He was puzzled at first, but thought that he was itchy and tried to scratch himself. As the tingling sensation rose, Hank was growing increasingly more agitated and irritated as he tried to get rid of the itch, his self-awareness continually slipping as his temper rose, followed by his muscles swelling up to an enormous size, his skin turning a deep forest green, causing him to scream in horrible, agonising pain. Eventually, Hank's muscles had grown too big for his body to tolerate, and the absolute agony that his body was in pushed him over the breaking point, causing him to finally lose his temper and enter an uncontrollable rage, starting with him ripping his shirt open and smashing his lawnmower with his bare hands by punching it, causing it to set on fire.

"***GRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH! WROOOOOOOOOAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!***" Hank roared, in an agonising scream that shook the earth itself. ***"HANK MAD! HANK SMASH! GET REVENGE ON WORLD! GRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!"***

The newly-transformed Hank then began a destructive rampage like no other, first uprooting his backyard fence and using it to whack his truck, before throwing both his truck and fence towards his house, smashing the entire roof.

The commotion drew the attention of the entire neighborhood. From across the street, Boomhauer, who was always quick to notice anything unusual, leaned against his fence with his usual casual swagger. "Dang ol' Hank, man! What in the world's goin' on over there? Ain't nothin' like a good ol' backyard ruckus, man!" He squinted through the chaos, trying to make sense of the towering green figure that was once his friend.

"Ooh, that's bad news, Boomhauer." commented Dale, leaning over his fence. "It's the CIA's new scheme! Apparently, they're hiring magical babies to shoot magic at the average American men to turn them into super-soldiers! They say these will be more

efficient than the nuke when WW3 inevitably hits after the US takes away the UK's tea bags!"

Boomhauer raised an eyebrow, processing Dale's wild theory. "Dang ol' Dale, man, you're talkin' crazy again! Ain't nobody gonna use a baby to turn Hank into a super-soldier! That's some serious messed-up stuff right there, man! I mean, look at him!"

Dale shrugged, still fixated on the chaos. "Well, whatever it is, I'm not taking any chances! I'm getting my bug-out bag ready!" He hurried back to his house, muttering about the impending magical apocalypse.

Meanwhile, Hank was still in the throes of his monstrous rage. He took a step toward the fence on the other side of his yard, where Dale and Boomhauer stood gawking. "GRRRRRAAAAGGGHHH! HANK SMASH NEIGHBORS TOO!" he roared,uprooting a nearby tree and hurtling it towards Dale's house. Then, he proceeded to rampage his way into the city, knocking over lamp posts and smashing buildings by punching them. First, he picked up one car and hurled it towards a line of other cars that were parked at the traffic lights, engaging in a form of" Vehicular Bowling." Next, he punched a line of buildings, causing them all to fall down, one by one, like a line of dominoes. "HANK SMASH! HANK PUNCH! GRRRAAAGGGGHHHHHH!" Doremi and Hana-chan had followed him all this way, flying on a broom. Suddenly, they noticed that he was headed in the direction of the Maho-Dou.

"Pirika Pirilala Popolina Peperuto!" chanted Doremi. "Shrink his muscles!"

Doremi attempted to fire a spell to revert Hank back to his normal state, but it backfired. Instead of shrinking his muscles, it caused them to grow bigger, resulting in his muscles tearing through his skin and becoming visible. "GRRRRRAAAAGGGHHH!" Hank roared again,screaming in pain.

Doremi gasped, her eyes wide with shock as she watched Hank's monstrous form grow even more terrifying. "Oh no! That's not what I meant to do!" she exclaimed, panic rising in her voice.

Hana-chan, sensing the chaos, started to whimper, her tiny hands clenching the broom tightly. "Mam-a!" she squeaked, her little voice filled with concern.

"Hank! You have to calm down!" Doremi shouted, trying to get through to him despite his rage. "We can fix this, I promise! Just... uh, try to think of something peaceful!"

But Hank, now towering over the city, was beyond reason. "HANK SMASH! HANK PUN—" he began, but was abruptly interrupted as he stumbled over a parked car, causing him to lose his balance and crash into a nearby storefront. The building crumbled under the weight of his fury, sending bricks and debris flying in all directions.

"Uh-oh!" Doremi squeaked. "We need a new plan!"

Meanwhile, out of the wreckage of the destroyed building, the former Maho-Dou, the other Ojamajos began to emerge, sensing that something was horribly, horribly wrong.

"Whoa! Is that Hank?!" exclaimed Aiko.

Hazuki started to quake in her boots a bit. "Why is he green?! And why is he destroying the entire city?! This isn't like Hank at all!"

"Maybe he got robbed of his propane?" suggested Onpu.

"Uh yeah, seems like a very Hank like thing for him to do." said Momoko.

"Whatever the reason," Doremi said, her voice shaking with urgency, "we have to stop him before he causes any more damage! We can't let him destroy the whole town!"

The other Ojamajos nodded in agreement. They quickly formulated a plan. "We need to weaken him somehow," Hazuki suggested, her eyes wide with determination. "If we can distract him, we might be able to hit him with a spell that will bring him back to normal!"

"Right!" Aiko chimed in. "What can we use to distract him?"

Onpu thought for a moment, tapping her chin. "What does Hank love more than anything?"

"Propane!" the group shouted in unison.

Hazuki looked up at the towering figure of Hank, who was now attempting to uproot a massive streetlight. "We have to calm him down. Maybe if we can distract him long enough, we can find a way to reverse the spell."

"Okay, let's try something!" Doremi exclaimed. "Pirika Pirilala Popolina Peperuto! Let's make Hank a distraction!"

In a flash, a giant inflatable propane tank appeared in front of Hank. It was bright red and yellow, with an exaggerated smiley face painted on it, bouncing and rolling across the street.

"GRRRRRAAAGGGHHH!" Hank paused mid-rampage, his massive green head turning to regard the inflatable tank. The sight was so absurd that it momentarily broke through his rage.

"Propane!" he bellowed, curiosity piqued. "HANK LOVE PROPANE!"

Doremi seized the opportunity. "Now, while he's distracted! Let's try the spell again, but this time more carefully!"

"Pirika Pirilala Popolina Peperuto!" Doremi chanted, focusing all her energy on Hank. "Shrink his muscles back to normal!"

But this time, the spell still didn't work, with Hank's muscles growing even more, to the point that they were now jutting straight out of his arms.

"OH NO! WHAT HAVE I DONE?!" shouted Doremi.

"Perutan Petton Pararira Pon!" chanted Momoko. "Turn me into a hippie!"

When the spell was cast, she had turned into a hippie, complete with sporting an afro, a pair of sunglasses, and an acoustic guitar.

"Momo-chan, why are you dressed like that?" questioned Aiko.

Momoko giggled. "I'm going to sing a song for everybody!" she exclaimed. "Hopefully, it'll help calm down the raging Hank. It's called, *The World is Love and Peace.*"

She immediately started strumming her guitar for a couple of seconds to catch the rampaging Hank's attention. "Okay! Here we go!" she began.

"*Se-se sekai wa love love love!*

And peace with everyone happy!

Kitto ashita mo PIPPIPPII!

Dakara kenka wa yamemashoo!

Te ni te wo toreba minna burazaa!

Se-se sekai wa love love love!

Dakara minna de sei peace!"

Momoko continued playing, to the point that Hank was temporarily stopped in his rage and was swayed by the gentleness of the song promoting peace and love. As he was distracted, the other Ojamajos ran to a nearby phone box to contact Peggy.

"Hello? Hello?"

"What is it?"

"It's Hank. He's gone really mad! It's an emergency!"

"HANK'S GONE MAD?! Stay right here! I'll be down here!"

Peggy immediately hopped into Hank's truck and drove up to where the Ojamajos were, following their directions. Eventually, she noticed where Hank was and started shouting at him to calm him down.

"HANK! IT'S ME! PEGGY! YOU NEED TO CALM DOWN! SNAP OUT OF IT!"

Hank froze for a second. "HANK WIFE?" he questioned. "HANK LOVE WIFE!"

And Hank immediately started advancing towards Peggy, scooping her up in his arms and ascending up a large pillar, surrounded by construction beams which slanted forward once he stomped on them. The Ojamajos chased Hank along the way, but once he was at the top, he started rolling propane-filled barrels down the construction beams, requiring the girls to jump over them. But the propane tank barrage was relentless.

"Pameruku Raruku Lalilоli Poppun!" chanted Aiko. "Give me a sledgehammer."

The spell immediately gifted her with a sledgehammer, which she then used to smash the barrels open, preventing them from rolling any further, negating the danger. Hank started to grow irritated at this point, so he ascended to the next level and started to throw lit matches into a container reading "OIL," causing many small fireballs to chase the Ojamajos, who immediately flew up on their broomsticks to dodge them, eventually reaching the top of the construction site where Hank stood, clutching Peggy in his arms.

"Alright, Hank, GIVE UP PEGGY!" ordered the Ojamajos.

"NEVER!" yelled Hank. "HANK LOVE WIFE!"

The Ojamajos knew they had to act quickly. Doremi, still frantic, turned to her friends for a last-ditch plan. "We need to find some way to reach Hank's true self! He loves propane, and he loves Peggy! Maybe we can combine both!"

"Right! Let's focus on what Hank truly values!" Hazuki suggested, her eyes lighting up with determination. "If we can remind him of his love for propane and family, we might just bring him back to normal!"

"Okay, then let's do it!" Aiko affirmed. "Ready?"

"Pirika Pirilala, carefree!" chanted Doremi.

"Paipai Ponpoi, flexible!" chanted Hazuki.

"Pameruku Raruku, loud!" chanted Aiko.

"Pururun Purun, elegant!" chanted Onpu.

"Perutan Petton, refreshing!" chanted Momoko.

A great veil of light surrounded Hank, with light trails circling all around him. Images flashed in his head, reminding him of spending time with Peggy, teaching Bobby how to grill, and hosting barbecues with Dale, Bill, and Boomhauer.

"Magical Stage!" chorused the Ojamajos, in unison. "Remind Hank of the good times!"

The light intensified, Hank's fierce expression faltered for a moment as he caught sight of the illusion. "HANK... LOVE FAMILY..." he murmured, his voice softer now, yet still laced with the remnants of rage.

"Remember, Hank!" Doremi pleaded. "You're strong because you care! You don't need to smash everything to protect them! I want you to go back to normal!"

The struggle within Hank was palpable. The memories of the love he had for his family began to pierce through the haze of rage. "HANK LOVE FAMILY..." he repeated, his voice trembling as he looked at the images of his life that shimmered before him.

In a moment of clarity, Hank closed his eyes and took a deep breath, feeling the warmth of the memories flood over him. "Hank... calm..." he whispered, his muscles beginning to shrink and his skin returning to its usual hue. The monstrous form that had wreaked havoc began to fade, leaving only the familiar Hank Hill standing in the debris of the construction site.

"YES! IT WORKED!" Doremi cheered, relief washing over her as the tension in the air lifted.

"Hank!" Peggy exclaimed, wrapping her arms around him as he returned to normal. "I was so worried!"

"What in the hell?!" exclaimed Hank. "What am I doing here? Why am I on top of a construction site?! Why is the entire city wrecked?!"

"Yeah, that's the thing… you turned into the Incredible Hulk." explained Aiko. "To be honest, this entire episode was just a big Marvel reference."

"So… it was just a-"

"It was just a big Marvel reference. That's it. That was the whole punchline. Ironically, I had a chat with the author, and he doesn't even like Marvel. I don't know what Disney's legal team are gonna do about that though."

Suddenly, a paper floated down from the sky. It read, "Dear Hank Hill, you have violated our copyright and trademark of a green muscular man smashing things. Meet me in court, if you have the balls to. Yours sincerely, the Mouse."

"God-dang it!" sighed Hank.

TO BE CONTINUED…